

THE ONE THAT STARTED IT ALL!

STRANGE DAYS



No. 1

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By
• MILLIGAN •
• MCCARTHY •
• EWINS •

FEATURING:

FREAKWAVE

NAME THIS COLUMN

THE BIG CHANGE: So much has happened at Eclipse Central since the last "Surf City" page was written that i don't know how i'm gonna fit all the news in this one. The changes have been radical, exciting, and — most of all — rapid! Taking it from the top. . .

ECLIPSE PUBLISHER JAN MULLANEY "RETIRES": Yes, after seven years of juggling two careers, Jan Mullaney has decided that being a full-time musician and a full-time comic book publisher takes more hours than there are in a day. With his music commitments increasing (he's written the score to an off-Broadway musical which is playing right now; it's called "Cradle Song" and is directed by Stephen Schwartz of "Godspell" and "Pippin" fame), Jan has retired from Eclipse, although he will remain as a consultant to the company he co-founded with his brother Dean. We'll miss Jan, but those who see him in concerts, hear his keyboard playing on records, listen to records he produces, or go to see his musical are going to be the winners in this deal. Jan is quite a guy, and if comics are the poorer for his departure, music will be all the richer.

DEAN DOES THE INEVITABLE: Dean Mullaney, brother to the above-mentioned Jan (you knew that already, didn't you?) has now moved up from being Eclipse's Editor-in-Chief to being Publisher. Says Dino, "It was about time to get some new business cards printed, anyway." Seriously (he almost never is) Dean promises that the business end of Eclipse will be streamlined and made easier to deal with now that all the work is being transferred to our California office.

AND I FOLLOW SUIT: The shift in job descriptions and responsibilities has affected me too. No longer just a free-lance editor for the company, i am proud and happy to say that i have been promoted to the title of Editor-in-Chief. Never, ever in my wildest dreams did i think my interest in funny books would lead to this! I remember the days when my highest ambition was to sweep the floors of a certain office at 655 Madison Avenue in New York City. I wrote a letter to the Editor-in-Chief of this rather small comic book company (actually, i think he was the only editor they had, as well as being their chief writer), and i offered to quit college so i could keep their floors clean or make coffee or just do any little thing for them. I also mentioned that i would not need to be paid, that i would work for free, just to be near the center of comic book creation.

Instead of leaping at my offer, the editor in question, a man noted for his ready smile and his excessive use of the word "nutty," passed the whole thing along to his secretary. This wonderful woman took the time to write me a personal reply, in which she explained that the company's offices were so small that there would be no room for me to sweep. "We're so crowded we're hanging from the walls," she wrote.

She also urged me, with evident sincerity, to remain in college and get a degree. "Then, if you're still interested in comics, you'll be much better qualified and might be able to get a job in New York," was her advice.

Well, i didn't stay in college, i never moved to New York, and i even lost my interest in comics for a couple of years along the way. But here i am today, the Editor-in-Chief of a funny book factory that's about the size now that the one i admired so much was back then. Isn't it strange, how life lets you think it's meandering along with no direction, and then suddenly it hits you with a great big realization that

you have arrived at a destination you aimed yourself toward all of twenty years ago?

Thank you, Flo Steinberg, wherever you are. I didn't take a single piece of the advice you gave me in 1964, but here i am now — and i can truly say that whenever a comic book office needs its floors swept, i am at last fully qualified to do the job.

WEST COAST MIGRATION: The news is out, all over town. Pacific Comics has suspended publication of their colour comics line. That leaves a lot of fantastic projects without a publisher, and quite a number of these items are making a trek up the coast from Pacific's San Diego headquarters to our own Guerneville office. Negotiations are still in progress, and there are publishers other than Eclipse involved in bidding for some of the ex-Pacific titles, but at this point we are happy to announce that SLX books which were to be published by Pacific are going to press right now and will be on sale this month (October 1984) from Eclipse. They are:

GROO SPECIAL No. 1: This is a giant 48 page Baxter paper Sergio Aragones (and Mark Evanier) Groo extravaganza, and it also contains, as an added, last minute bonus, a reprint of the very first GROO story ever printed, a silent four-pager that ran in Eclipse's own *Destroyer Duck* no. 1. How did we manage to give you four extra pages of story for no increase in price? Simple — we just threw out four of the ad pages Pacific had scheduled for that space!

ROCKETEER SPECIAL EDITION No. 1: This is it! — the full-length all-Rocketeer issue by Dave Stevens (with pin-up pages by such greats as Al Williamson, Doug Wildey, William Stout, Michael Kaluta, Russ Heath, Murphy Anderson, Gray Morrow and more!). Originally the cover title was *Pacific Presents* no. 5, but only the name has been changed — it is still going to be one of the best looking comics published in this decade — and **THE ROCKETEER** by any name is worth adding to your collection.

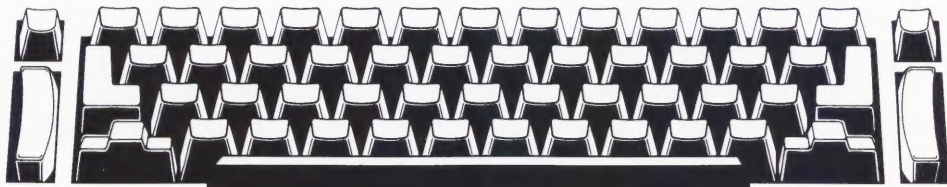
SIEGEL AND SHUSTER, DATELINE 1930s: A look at the comics produced by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster before they created *Superman*! This is a collection of historically important material from the two guys who started it all.

BERNI WRIGHTSON, MASTER OF THE MACABRE No. 5: The final issue in this fine series of full-colour work by the master of contemporary horror comics. You'll thrill, you'll chill, and you'll sleep uneasy at night once Berni takes you on a tour of the terrors only he can bring to throbbing, grisly life.

STRANGE DAYS No. 1: The world has been waiting for a truly New Wave comic — and here it is, direct from the English combo of Peter Milligan, Brendan McCarthy and Brett Ewins.

PRESSBUTTON No. 1: Another of England's finest series, by Pedro Henry, Steve Dillon and Brian Bolland. Laser Eraser and Axel Pressbutton are unique, and hot — but wait until you see Zirk! . . . Science fiction at its best, and gorgeous art as well. It's a new bi-monthly from Eclipse, and you'll love it!

TIME FOR A CONTEST: Since the old "Jan and Dean" joke no longer applies, it doesn't make much sense to call this editorial page "Notes from Surf City" anymore. Send in your suggestion for a new name — the winner will not only see it in print every month but will also get a free six issue subscription to the Eclipse comic of his or her choice. Enter today!



by CATHERINE YRONWODE

ALL OF THE PEOPLE... ALL OF THE TIME...



STRANGE DAYS

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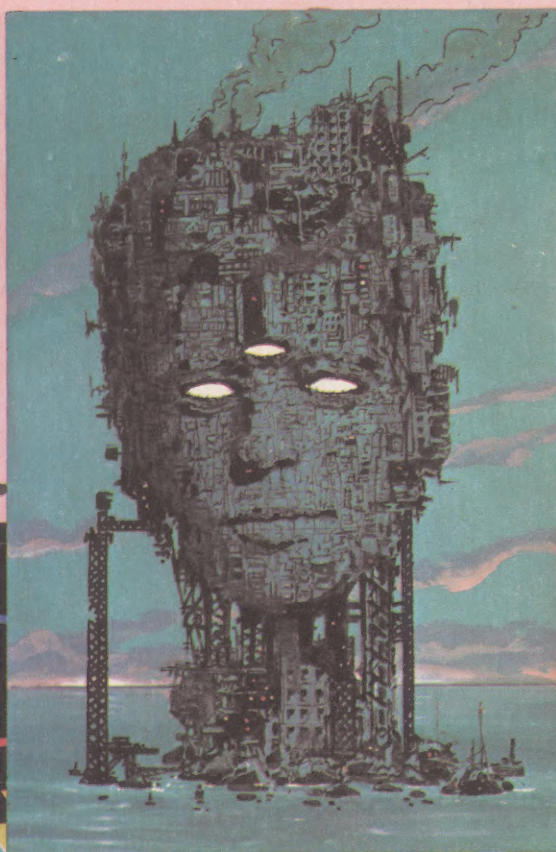
PARADAX! — Beginning the adventures of the world's greatest superhero, his startling origin, told here for the first time! (Milligan/McCarthy) Page 21

A TRICKY HOUSE STUDIOS PRODUCTION



SO SPEAKS THE SPADER NÖN; WHEN MY WORDS IS FINISHED MY STORY'S DONE!

IT IS A GOOD LIFE. THE SUN ALSO RISES. BOGEYMEN LURK IN DARK, QUIET PLACES, GOD MADE THE LITTLE GREEN APPLES, THE MAN IN THE MOON IS MADE OUT OF CHEESE. THERE IS ALSO A WORLD, OF SORTS, THAT HAS HAEMORRAGED. SOMETHING HAPPENED LONG AGO AND IT HARDLY MATTERS WHAT. ALL THAT MATTERS NOW IS THAT THE WORLD IS A SCREAMING PIT OF INSANITY AND TERROR....AND THERE WAS ALSO A MAN CALLED THE DRIFTER, WHO TRAVELLED THROUGH THIS WORLD. THE DRIFTER IS NOW IN BLACKNESS, BUT SOON HE WILL BE IN BRIGHTNESS AGAIN. WHAT, THEN, IS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A THREE-EYED J.F.K. HEAD, WHICH IS EVEN NOW PREPARING TO LEAVE THE WATER? WHAT, IF ANYTHING, DOES IT MEAN...?



By

MILLIGAN · MCCARTHY · EWINS

IT MEANS THAT THE HEADS, THE OLD HEADS, THE GREAT HEADS AND ALL THE HEADS IN THEM, WILL RISE, WILL LIVE, WILL SEE...WILL DREAM AGAIN.



DREAM AGAIN...ALL A DREAM...INSIDE ANOTHER HEAD, INSIDE ANOTHER HEAD, INSIDE YET ANOTHER HEAD, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE SOUTHERN NETHERSEAS, WHERE THE ICE-WIND CUTS LIKE A BLADE, THE DRIFTER SHIFTS HIS WEIGHT, LEANS AUTOMATICALLY FROM HIS BOARD, AND RIDES ANOTHER WAVE....



HIS COURSE IS SET BY THE MOON, WHICH IS TO SAY HE IS DRAGGED BY WHOEVER WISHES TO DRAG HIM....

SOUTH...

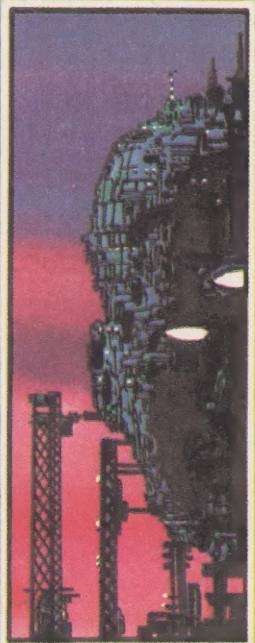
ALL ROADS...

ATTENTION ALL PERSONS OF SIMILAR ILKNESS! WE ARE ABOUT TO EMBARK UPON A PHANTASMAGORIAL PEREGRINATION TO THE HEART OF....



TO THE HEART OF SHIT! LET'S GET THIS HEAD IN THE CLOUDS!

AFTER WHAT HAD BECOME KNOWN AS "THE LONG NIGHT OF DOOM", THE REMNANTS OF MANKIND TOOK TO THE SEAS, AWAY FROM THE POISONED WASTELANDS. HERE, MANKIND DEGENERATED INTO NOT SO MUCH ONE SPECIES BUT A VARIETY OF INDIVIDUALS, MANY OF THEM MUTATED, TWISTED, AND OBSCURE, EACH SEEKING A PRIVATE GOAL, A PRIVATE DREAM.

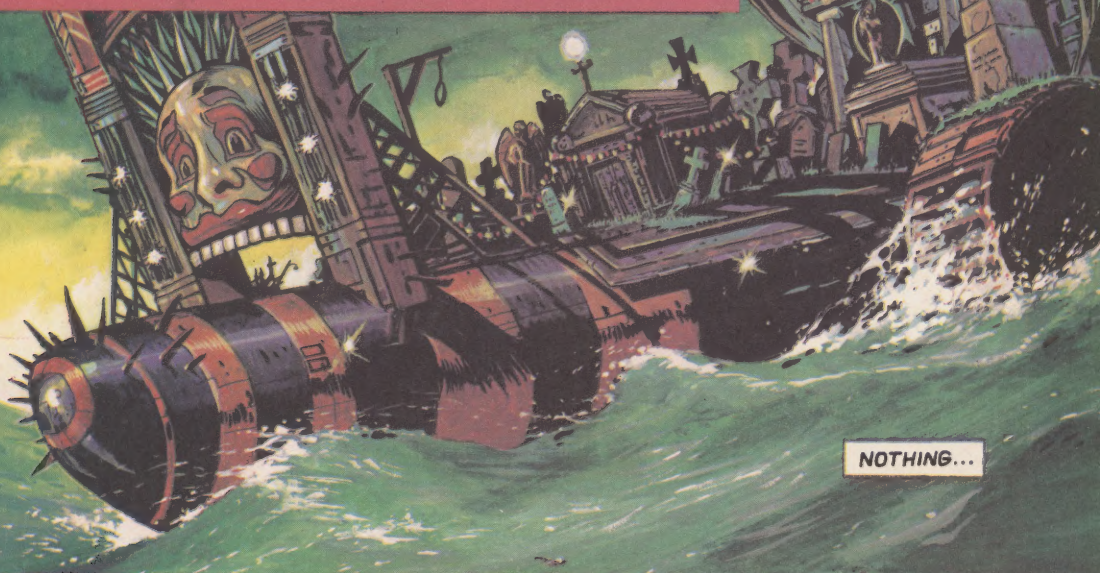


JUGULAR DISENGAGED, CAPTAIN!



MEANWHILE...

BEYOND THE HORIZON, THE DRIFTER IS STARING AT A WAVE THAT HAS RISEN LIKE A SEA-BEAST TO BLOCK HIS PATH. MANY THOUGHTS ARE FORMING AND POPPING IN HIS HEAD LIKE BUBBLES OF BOILING FAT, LIKE LEOPARDS IN A DARK WOOD. HE HAS BEEN THROUGH AN EXPLOSION, HE HAS SURVIVED THE RED HERRING, HE HAS SEEN CAPTAIN ROARING BURN. HIS PAST HANGS ABOUT HIM LIKE THE PHANTOM OF AN AMPUTATED ARM. HE IS HERE AND HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW OR WHY. HE IS, QUITE SIMPLY, BACK, AS THOUGH FROM A DREAM OR A FEVER, AND NOTHING MAKES SENSE...



NOTHING...

AND SUDDENLY THE WAVE BECOMES SOLID....

IT SEEMED MORE THAN SHEER MISFORTUNE THAT, WITH THOUSANDS OF MILES OF OPEN SEA AT HIS DISPOSAL, DRIFTER SHOULD COLLIDE WITH A DERELICT CHURCH PERCHED ON A WORLD WAR TWO SUBMARINE....



BUGGER IT!!!



AND EVEN AS THESE EVENTS ARE UNFURLING, ANOTHER SINGULARLY MONSTROUS COUNTEenance IS YAWNING ITS WAY ACROSS THE SEA...

♪ STRAWBERRY DREAMS WRAPPED IN CELLOPHANE SHEEP ♪

♪ AND THE PUFF-PASTRY QUEEN IS STILL FAST ASLEEP ♪

TO THE SOUTH...

ORACLE! WHAT NEWS OF THE DUBIOUS MUTANT?

BREAD, CAPTAIN! LET US SPEAK OF BREAD!

STALE BREAD AND SOUR LEMON-CURD, TO BOOT!

THE FLOATING MAD HATTER HEAD FLIES AT THE BEHEST OF ONE CAPTAIN CRACKING, MANNED BY HIS POWDER-PUFF ENTourage OF PERVERTS AND CUCKOOS. CRACKING, TOO, SEEKS THE MUTANT OF DUBIOUS DESIGN, THOUGH NOT OUT OF GREED. CRACKING BELIEVES HIMSELF TO BE THE LONG-LOST BROTHER OF THE MESSIAH, SPRUNG FROM THE LOINS OF THE GODHEAD....

♪ DOUGHNUTS OF SYRUP MELT FROM MY EYES, ALL THE KING'S BISCUITS AND ALL THE KING'S PIES ♪

ANOTHER SLICE, CAPTAIN?

TO BE OR NOT TO BE!

I AM THE WALRUS!

CAPTAIN CRACKING IS SEEKING REDEMPTION!

THESE ARE STRANGE DAYS.



BASTARD THING
JUST CAME OUTA
NOWHERE...UNLESS
I'M LOSING MY
TOUCH!



SURE FEELS
LIKE SOMETHIN'S
...HAPPENED
TO ME...



RUDCLIFF AND
WILLIAMS? MUSTA
BOUGHT IT WHEN
THE RED HERRING
WENT UP...

HERE LIE THE
REMAINS OF
RUDCLIFF
AND
WILLIAMS
"OLD SOLDIERS
NEVER DIE"
R.I.P.



...BUT WHAT IS
THIS PLACE? WHO
WERE RUDCLIFF
AND WILLIAMS?
WHY IS THE DRIFTER
STILL ALIVE? WHY
IS THERE A KNIFE
SCRAPING AWAY
AT THE CORNER
OF HIS BRAIN?...

SOMETHING I
CAN'T...REMEMBER;
...ROARING DEAD...
...TIA...RUDCLIFF
AND WILLIAMS...
SHIT! IT'S LIKE
TRYING TO LOOK
THROUGH MUD!

THE ELECTRIC FOG, BAD TROUBLE AND BRINGER OF MADDREAMS
TO ALL WHO TRAVEL THE WATERWAYS, STINKBREATH OF THE
WASTELANDS, HAS HAD A STRANGE EFFECT ON THE DEVELOPM-
ENT OF THE HUMAN MIND. SOME SAY IT'S PRODUCED A MASS
HYPER-PSYCHOSIS...OTHERS BELIEVE IT'S THE FIRST STEP...
...TO SANITY...

AND SOME BELIEVE ALL THINGS
WERE MEANT TO HAPPEN....

HIS NAME IS OL' MAN DRIVEL. HIS SEXUAL ORGANS HAVE SEEN
BETTER DAYS, HIS SKIN IS LIKE BURNT PAPER, BUT HIS MIND, AHHH...

THE SOUTH!
IT'LL HAPPEN IN
THE SOUTH!



THE SEA'S IN ME
BLOOD AND THE SIGNS
ARE IN ME HEAD...

HIS MIND IS LIVING TESTIMONY TO HOW A DECREPIT
OLD LECHER CAN CONTAIN IN ONE SACK OF AGED
BONES AND GRISTLE THE WISDOM OF TIME AND
THE ECCENTRIC MADNESS OF CREEPING SENILITY
AIDED AND ABETTED BY SEVERAL CURIOUS
SEXUAL FETISHES AND AN OVERINDULGENCE
IN A NEFARIOUS PLANT CALLED PSYCHIC-SEAWEED.

BY ALL THE BRIGHT THINGIES
THAT CAME OUT OF THE BOXES, BY
THE EARS OF MICKEY MOUSE AND
THE BEAK OF DONALD DUCK, BY JACK
AND JILL AND THE SCISSOR MAN
HIMSELF, BY ALL THE NAMES OF ALL
THE OTHERS, BY YAWOO AND B AND
C AND M, BY ALL THE BIG STUFF
THAT CAME FROM THE SKY, ME OLD
BONES IS ACHING AND ME SKIN'S
GETTING DRY...OL' MAN DRIVEL'S
COMING, AND IN THE ENDING
WAS THE BEGINNING....





JUS' KEEP TALKING
LIKE THAT.....
-AND YOU'LL STAY
IN ONE PIECE!

I DON'T
SHOOT OLD
MEN WITH
FRIED BRAINS!



AHH! A VISITOR WE HAVE!
AT LAST AND PLEASANTLY
SO! WOULD YOU LIKE TEA? EH?
MADE FROM THE SAUCIEST
DEEP-WATER KELP! REALLY,
YOU SHOULD TRY IT! YOU
WERE, OF COURSE, YOU
WERE EXPECTED!



YOU HEARD THE
OLD MAN, DRIFTER!
YOU WANT TEA
OR DONTCHA?

MEANWHILE, ON THE FILM-SET OF MAD MAX 7, A BRIGHT AND
BARREN WILDERNESS OF NO-RETURN, THREE WISE ROAD-MUTANTS
ARE LOOKING REVERENTLY TO THE NORTH...



THE SIGNS
ARE GOOD!

THEY'RE
COMING!

SOON
BE HERE!

GOOD!

GOOD!

COMING!

COMING!

HERE!

HERE!

THOUGH THEY GIVE THE IMPRESSION OF BEING MERELY ECCENTRIC IMBECILES, CRACKING'S MAD HATTERS ARE ALL IN FACT CAPABLE OF ACTS OF OUTRAGEOUS, BESTIAL VIOLENCE...A FATAL COMPOUND OF ELECTRIC FOG AND POWDERED WATER-RAT EXCREMENT HAS INDUCED A GROSS MENTAL INSTABILITY, CAPABLE OF SHUNTING THEM FROM THE HEIGHTS OF BLISS TO THE DEPTHS OF PSYCHOTIC MANIA IN A MATTER OF SECONDS....

CAPTAIN CRACKING ONCE TORE OFF A MAN'S ARMS WITH HIS BARE TEETH AND THEN CRIED FOR TWO DAYS BECAUSE HIS FAVOURITE WIG HAD BEEN SPOTTED WITH BLOOD.

♪ MARSHMALLOW FAIRIES SIP CUPS OF SWEET TEA ♪

TELL ME, ORACLE, WHAT FORTUNES AWAIT US SOUTH?

♪ PLASTICINE ARMCHAIRS IN A MARMALADE SEA ♪



THE CRUSTS ARE CURLING, CAPTAIN!



WE MUST BE WARY OF LUNATICS!

AND STILL THE MAD HATTER, TEA PARTY AND ALL, PRESSES ON, SOUTHWARD...THE DAYS ARE GETTING LONGER AND AN UNFATHOMABLE WEIRDNESS IS AFOOT, A WEIRDNESS THAT IS ONLY JUST BEING BORN...



THE HIDEOUS PARODY OF HUMAN LIFE KNOWN AS CAPTAIN LEANING, OWNER OF THE J.F.K. HEAD AND NUMEROUS SEA-BOUND CIRCUSES AND FREAK-SHOWS, WHOSE CLIENTELE CONSIST ENTIRELY OF WARPED BEINGS AND LONELY SOULS WHOSE ULCEROUS TASTES IN ENTERTAINMENT WERE ONCE, ALBEIT UNCONSCIOUSLY, FORESEEN BY CERTAIN OBSCURE PASSAGES OF THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD...THIS SEEKER OF THE WEIRD AND SHUNNER OF THE EVERYDAY IS ONCE MORE SCOURING THE WAVES FOR BOUNTY...THE BOUNTY BEING, IN THIS CASE, A MUTANT OF DUBIOUS DESIGN WHO, IT IS RUMOURED, IS THE DIRECT DESCENDANT OF JESUS CHRIST, MOHAMMED, BUDDHA, AND JAMES JOYCE....

BEING A MAN, FOR WANT OF A BETTER WORD, OF SECULAR DISPOSITION, CAPTAIN LEANING HAS NO INTEREST IN THE DUBIOUS MUTANT FOR ITS "MESSIAH-VALUE", RATHER A GOOD OL' FASHIONED LONGING FOR WEALTH AND POWER...THE FACT THAT THE DUBIOUS MUTANT IS SUPPOSED TO BE NOT ONLY THE PHYSICAL EMBODIMENT OF THE GOD-HEAD BUT ALSO THE HARBINGER OF A NEW SPECIES DESTINED TO USURP MAN'S POSITION AS GOD'S FAVOURITE SON IS, TO CAPTAIN LEANING, NO MORE THAN SPITTLE ON A HANGMAN'S NOOSE....

...TO AID HIM GENERALLY IN HIS DAY-TO-DAY EXPLOITS AND PARTICULARLY IN HIS QUEST FOR THE DUBIOUS MUTANT, CAPTAIN LEANING, LIKE EVERY SELF-RESPECTING CAPTAIN (AND, CHRIST KNOWS, THERE'S ENOUGH OF THEM) EMPLOYS AN "ORACLE"... BUT ORACLES, BECAUSE THEY ARE THOROUGH-BRED MUTANTS, TEND TO BE A LITTLE....
....TEMPERAMENTAL!

MAAA-ME! MAAA-ME!
I'D WALK A MILLION MILES
FER ONE O' YER SMILES
OH, MAAA-MEEE!!



SHITE AN' ONIONS! WAIT 'TILLS I GET ME HANDS ON THE DROOGLE-FLUCKER THAT'S BIN FEEDING ME ORACLE RED MEAT AGIN!

WHAT'S THAT?

THIS PARTICULAR ORACLE WAS CALLED PIK BACON. PIK BACON CAME FROM AN EXCLUSIVE "PINKS ONLY" MUTANT STABLE....

THE SUN SHINES EAST,
THE SUN SHINES WEST,
AH KNOWS WHAR THE SUN SHINES BEST!

WHAT AN ABOMINABLE
AVALANCHE OF
AURAL ATROCIOUSNESS!

DO SUMTHIN',
SLYDWARF! YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE
ABLE TO CONTROL
THIS...THING!

O, SAY DOES
THAT STAR-
SPANGLED BANNER
YET WAVE...

SHUT YER
STINKING TEETH-HOLES,
YER BLUE-FACED SODDERS,
BEFORE I SHOVS THE
ORACLE WHERE YER SHOVE
EVERYTHING ELSE!!



AND DEEP BENEATH THE SOUTHERN SEA,
WHERE THE FISHES ARE PRETTY AND THE
SHARKS RUN FREE



WHEN THAT DEVIL'S CARCASS
IS FEST'RING AT ME FEET,
I WANTS THE MUTANT SWAB
THINGY SHACKLED AND
SPICED, BY THUNDER!

CAPTAIN ROARING, BACK FROM THE WATERY
PIT, HIS MIND MORE WARPED AND HIS BODY
MORE SHATTERED THAN EVER, HIS VOICE A
MELANCHOLY E FLAT MINOR SINCE HIS
SMASHED FACE UNDERWENT SAXOPHONIC
SURGERY....

BY BILLY FLOOD'S DEAD
EYE I SWEAR I'LL RIP THAT
CURSED DRIFTER'S INNARDS
ASUNDER... THEN THIS MESSIAH
LUBBER AND ALL THESE SO-
CALLED CAP'NS'LL GIT THEIR
GIZZARDS SLIT GOOD 'N' PROPER!

SPADER NON SPEAKS AGAIN ...



YES, CAPTAIN! YOUR
WILL BE DONE! ALL
EYES ARE TURNING
SOUTH! THE HEADS
ARE GATHERING!

YOUR DAY
IS AT HAND!

BY THUNDER, WHEN THIS
DAY'S THROUGH I'LL HAVE
THE J.F.K. HEAD... AN' THERE'LL
ONLY BE ONE CAP'N WORTH
TALKING ABOUT...

**CAPTAIN
ROARING!**

NEXT: A NIGHT AT THE OPERA!

TALES FROM THE

4TH. DIMENSION

BY
MILLIGAN &
EWINS

STARRING

HUSH AND WISSPA

REALITY,
WISSPA. WHAT
IT IS, HAVE
YOU ANY
IDEAS?

THAT
WHICH IS TRUE?
THAT WHICH IS
UNFALSE? LIKE
GETTING UP IN THE
MORNING AND
FINDING YOUR
TOOTHBRUSH
GONE?

AN INTER-
ESTING HYPOTHESIS,
BUT RATHER NAIVE!
WHAT ABOUT THAT WHICH
IS UNTRUE? A HUNGARIAN
GYNECOLOGIST CALLED
BRALOX CLAIMED TO
HAVE DONE AWAY
WITH REALITY...

... AND
DISCOVERED
A NEW
SUBSTANCE
....

BUT
SURELY THAT
SUBSTANCE
ITSELF WOULD
BECOME A
REALITY
?

COSMIC GLUE,
WISSPA! COSMIC GLUE!
REALITY IS MERELY
THE STUFF THAT
KEEPS THE TRUE
AND FALSE FROM
FALLING APART!

YOU'RE
GOING TOO
FAST FOR ME,
HUSH!
SLOW DOWN!
SLOW DOWN!

IF
BRALOX WAS
RIGHT, THEN YOU
AND I, IN OUR
PRESENT 4TH.
DIMENSIONAL
STATE, DO NOT
EXIST!

BUT HOW
DO WE TRANSMUTE
OUR ONTOLOGICAL
DISCOVERIES INTO
EVERYDAY SPEECH?
WILL THEY
UNDERSTAND
THIS?

IT IS NOT
NECESSARY TO
UNDERSTAND,
MERELY TO
STAND UNDER

VERILY,
HUSH, THOU
ART MASTER
OF THE
FATUOUS
MAXIM!

FASCINATING,
DONTCHA
THINK
?

AND
STOP RUNNING
AWAY
FOR
CHRISSAKE!

Finis.

JOHNNY NEMO

The
ORB
OF
HARMONY
PART ONE.

MY NAME'S JOHNNY NEMO AND I LIVE IN NEW LONDON. NEW LONDON AIN'T A PLACE FOR THE SQUEAMISH. IT'S UGLY, VIOLENT, DANGEROUS, FILTHY AND DECADENT... AND THAT'S WHY I LOVE IT - IT SUITS MY PERSONALITY...

NEW LONDON IS THE SETTING FOR THIS STORY, AND THE STORY BEGAN BEFORE I JOINED IT, THOUGH I WAS TO JOIN IT BEFORE IT BEGAN. CONFUSED? IT WAS ALL QUITE SIMPLE...

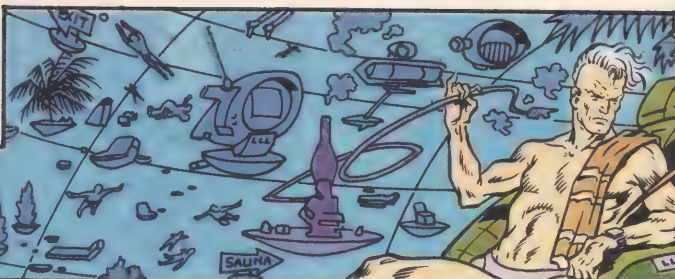
LISTEN....



STORY
PETER MILLIGAN
ART
BRETT EWINS

COLOURS BY TOM FRAME

I WAS FLOATING IN THE BLISS-CITY ANTI-GRAV POOL, WHEN I GOT A CALL ON MY WRIST-COMP FROM KALINA, MY ROBO-SEC...



SORRY TO BOTHER YOU JOHNNY, BUT COUNCILLOR STEPHENS WANTS TO SEE YOU. SAYS ITS URGENT....

ADDRESS IS INTERPLANETARY HOUSE, NEW WHITEHALL.

STEPHENS IS HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT FOR INTERPLANETARY RELATIONS. HE MUST HAVE A WHOLE ARMY WORKING FOR HIM... WONDER WHAT HE WANTS WITH ME?

BLISS CITY WAS ONE OF THE BETTER MIDDLE-TIER PLEASURE EMPORIUMS BUT STANDARDS WEREN'T SO HIGH IN THE SKIMMER PARK, WHERE I HAD PARKED LOLA, MY ROLLS-SKINNER...



HMMM! MY WRIST-COMP'S GIVING A DANGER SIGNAL! IT MUST HAVE DETECTED AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE!

HUH! JENSEN BOULEVARD NEVER GIVES UP!

KALINA! SCAN LOLA FOR EXPLOSIVE DEVICE!

SCANNING NOW...

KID'S STUFF!

HAVING SOME TROUBLE SIR?



DEVICE LOCATED FRONT RIGHT FENDER

HUH! ONE OF THESE DAYS BOULEVARD'S GONNA HIRE A DECENT ASSASSIN!

HE HAD THE ADVANTAGE...

TOO BAD!



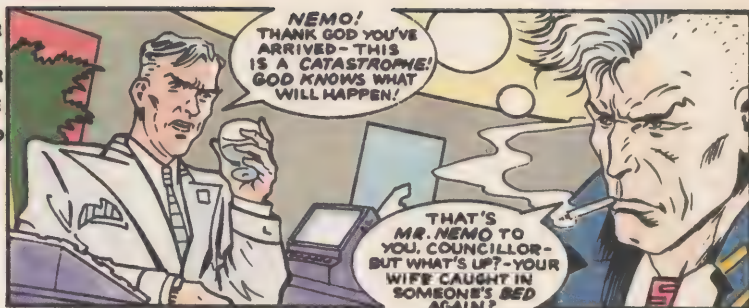
BUT HE MISSED...



I DON'T!

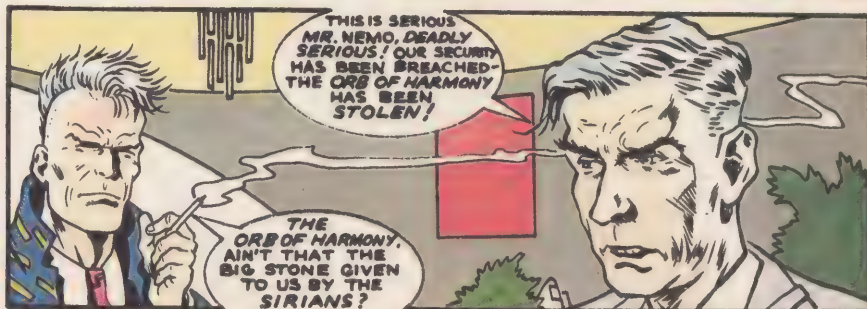
I POINTED LOLA UP-TIER TOWARDS STEPHEN'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE, BUT MY MIND WAS ON OTHER MATTERS...

I REMEMBER THINKING THAT COUNCILLOR STEPHENS LOOKED LIKE A MAN WHOSE WORLD WAS ABOUT TO CAVE-IN...
...AS USUAL I WAS RIGHT...



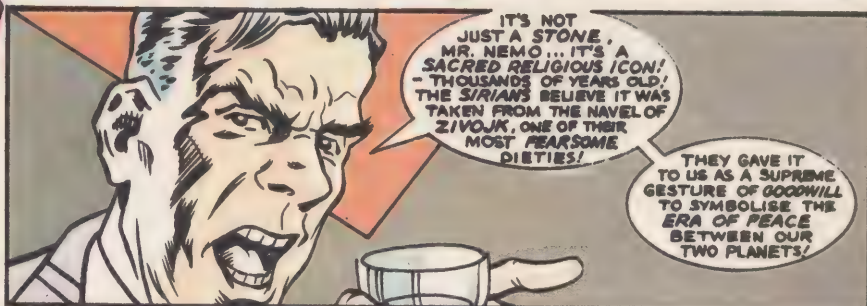
THIS IS SERIOUS MR. NEMO, DEADLY SERIOUS! OUR SECURITY HAS BEEN BREACHED - THE ORB OF HARMONY HAS BEEN STOLEN!

THE ORB OF HARMONY, AIN'T THAT THE BIG STONE GIVEN TO US BY THE SIRIANS?



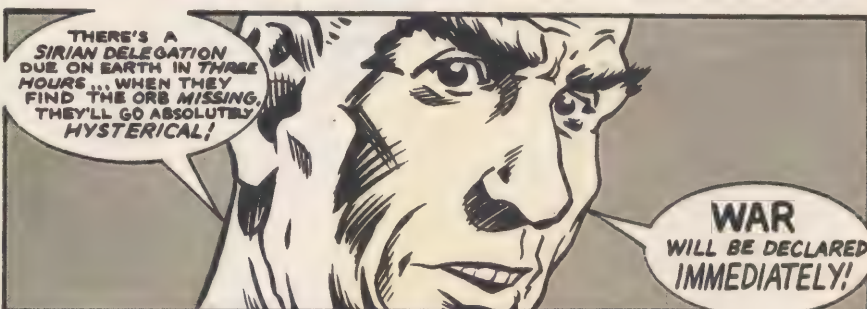
IT'S NOT JUST A STONE, MR. NEMO... IT'S A SACRED RELIGIOUS ICON! - THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD! THE SIRIANS BELIEVE IT WAS TAKEN FROM THE NAVAL OF ZIVOJK, ONE OF THEIR MOST FEARSOME DIETIES!

THEY GAVE IT TO US AS A SUPREME GESTURE OF GOODWILL TO SYMBOLISE THE ERA OF PEACE BETWEEN OUR TWO PLANETS!



THERE'S A SIRIAN DELEGATION DUE ON EARTH IN THREE HOURS... WHEN THEY FIND THE ORB MISSING, THEY'LL GO ABSOLUTELY HYSTERICAL!

WAR WILL BE DECLARED IMMEDIATELY!



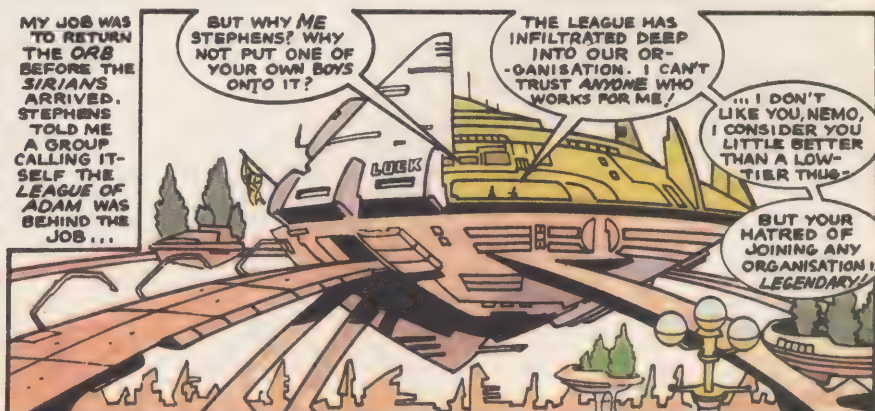
MY JOB WAS TO RETURN THE ORB BEFORE THE SIRIANS ARRIVED. STEPHENS TOLD ME A GROUP CALLING ITSELF THE LEAGUE OF ADAM WAS BEHIND THE JOB...

BUT WHY ME STEPHENS? WHY NOT PUT ONE OF YOUR OWN BOYS ONTO IT?

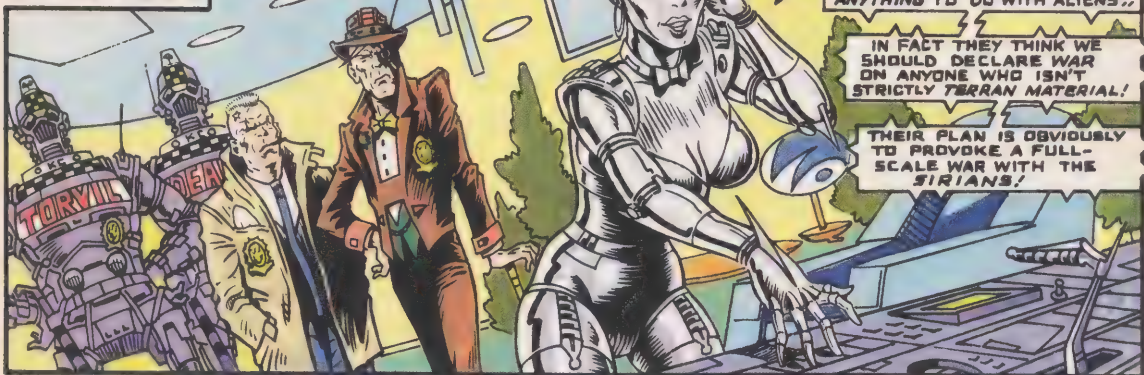
THE LEAGUE HAS INFILTRATED DEEP INTO OUR ORGANISATION. I CAN'T TRUST ANYONE WHO WORKS FOR ME!

... I DON'T LIKE YOU, NEMO, I CONSIDER YOU LITTLE BETTER THAN A LOW-TIER THUG -

BUT YOUR MATRED OF JOINING ANY ORGANISATION IS LEGENDARY!



WHILE I POINTED
LOLA DOWN-TIER,
I GOT MALINA TO
TAP THE CENTRAL
COMPUTER TERMINALS...

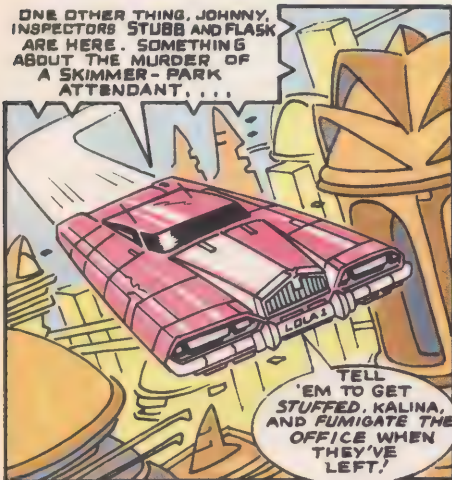


THE LEAGUE OF ADAM BELIEVE
THAT HUMANS ARE THE SUPERIOR
RACE IN THE UNIVERSE...
THEY'RE AGAINST US HAVING
ANYTHING TO DO WITH ALIENS...

IN FACT THEY THINK WE
SHOULD DECLARE WAR
ON ANYONE WHO ISN'T
STRICTLY TERRAN MATERIAL!

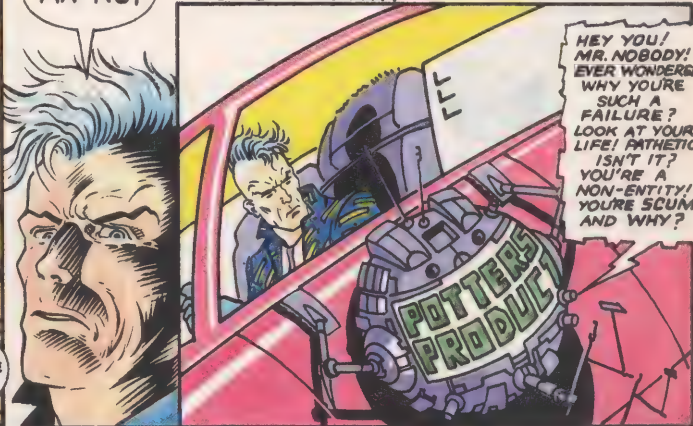
THEIR PLAN IS OBVIOUSLY
TO PROVOKE A FULL-
SCALE WAR WITH THE
SIRIANS!

ONE OTHER THING, JOHNNY,
INSPECTORS STUBB AND FLASK
ARE HERE. SOMETHING
ABOUT THE MURDER OF
A SKIMMER-PARK
ATTENDANT...



AW NO!

AN AD-DROID HAD ATTACHED ITSELF TO MY SKIMMER
AND WAS BOMBARDING ME WITH ITS METALLIC
SALES-PITCH....



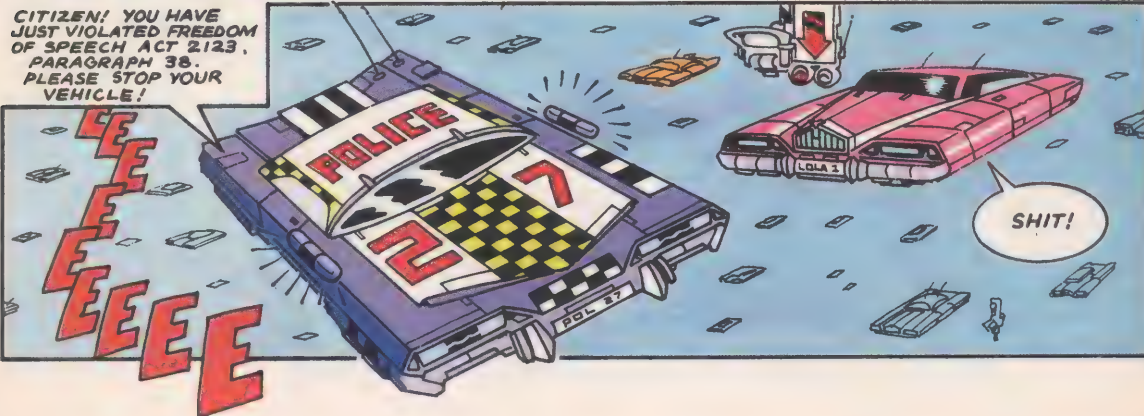
YOU'VE GOT A
LOUSY PERSONALITY!

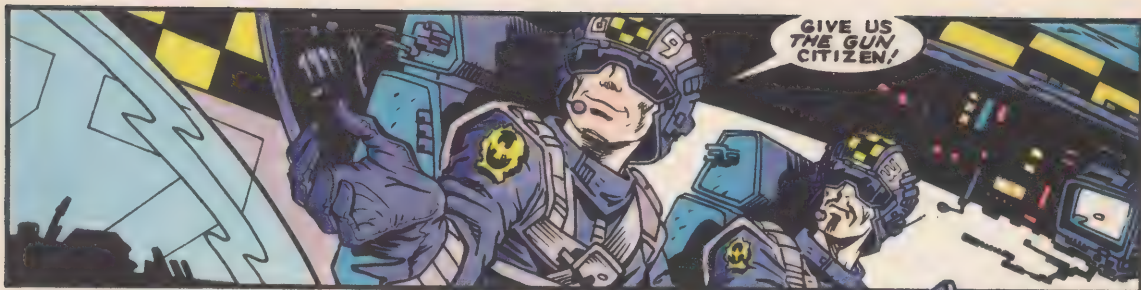
BY LAW, AD-DROIDS COULD
ATTACH THEMSELVES TO
YOUR SKIMMER FOR
TWO MINUTES....



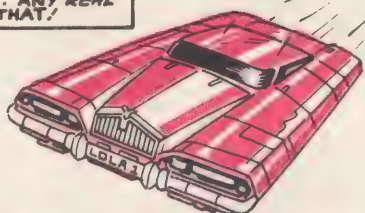
NOW, THANKS TO
POTTERS PERSONALITY
PRODUCTS, YOU TOO
CAN SKREEEE~

CITIZEN! YOU HAVE
JUST VIOLATED FREEDOM
OF SPEECH ACT 2123,
PARAGRAPH 38.
PLEASE STOP YOUR
VEHICLE!





THEY WERE BOULEVARD BOYS, AND THEY'D ALMOST FOOLED ME. THEN I'D REMEMBERED: I HAD ACTUALLY VIOLATED PARAGRAPH 39 OF THE ACT. ANY REAL COPPER WOULD'VE KNOWN THAT!



TIME'S RUNNING OUT. I'VE GOTTA GO STRAIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE LEAGUE OF ADAM...

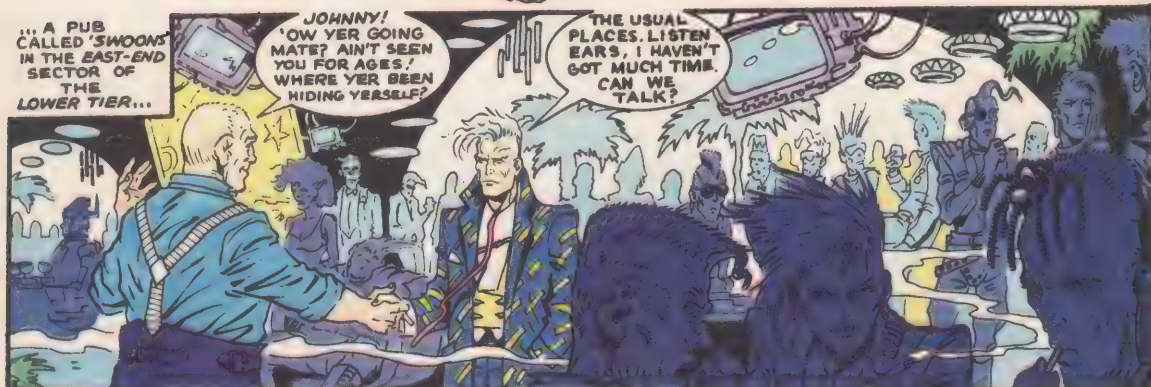
... I NEED A NAME AND ADDRESS...

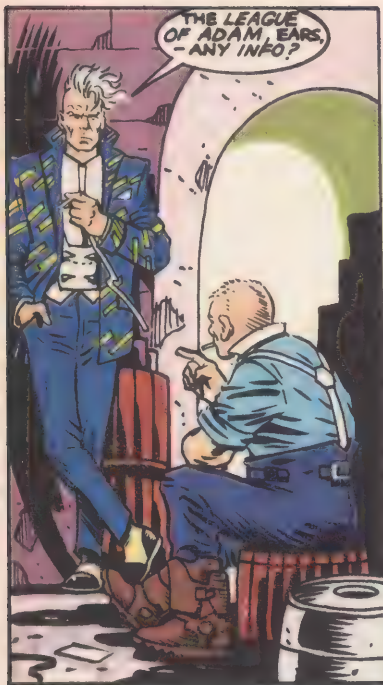
AND THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE I'M GONNA GET IT...

... A PUB CALLED 'SWOONS' IN THE EAST-END SECTOR OF THE LOWER TIER...

JOHNNY! 'OW YER GOING MATE? AIN'T SEEN YOU FOR AGES. WHERE YER BEEN HIDING YERSELF?

THE USUAL PLACES. LISTEN EARS, I HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME. CAN WE TALK?

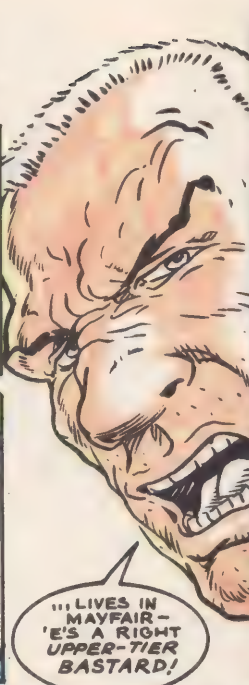




THE LEAGUE
OF ADAM, EARS.
- ANY INFO?



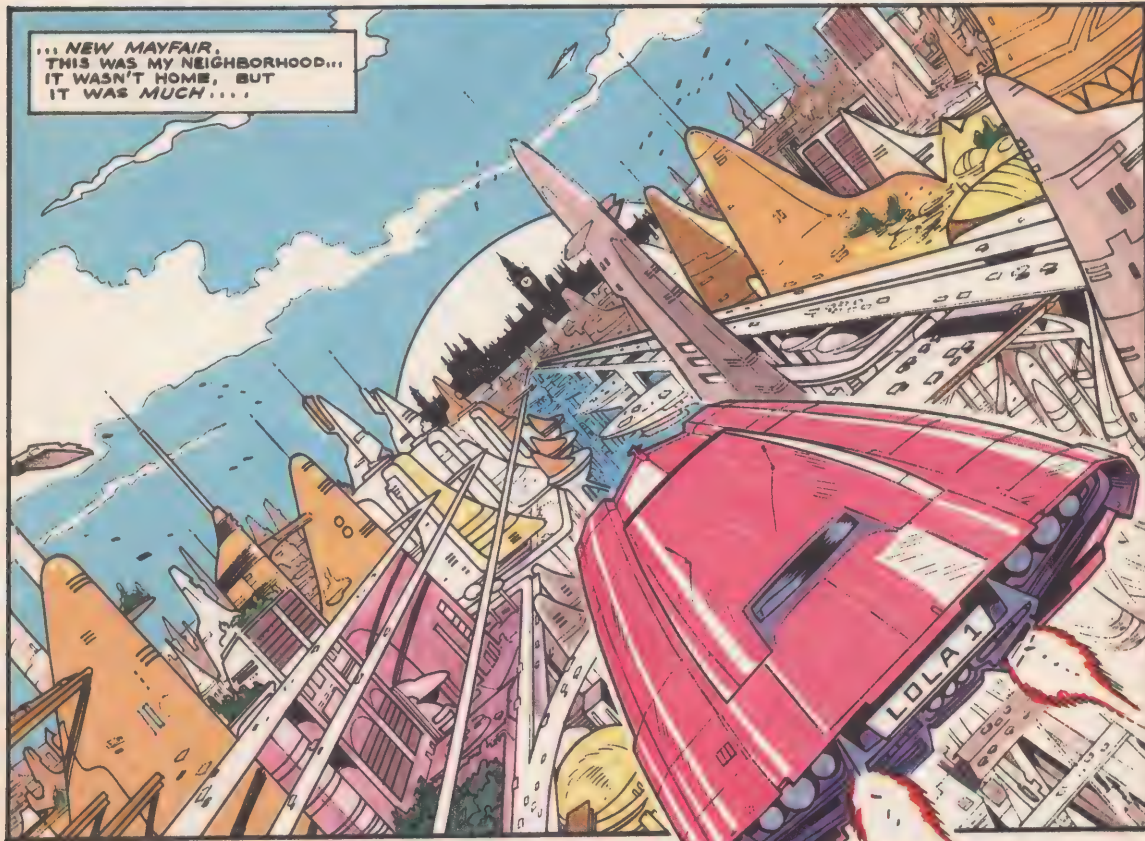
LEAGUE OF ADAM
EHT - VERY NASTY
JOHNNY. THEY'RE
ANIMALS! RUN BY
THIS FAT NUTTER
CALLED KLUBB,
- 'ES A GENERAL
OR SUMTHIN'...



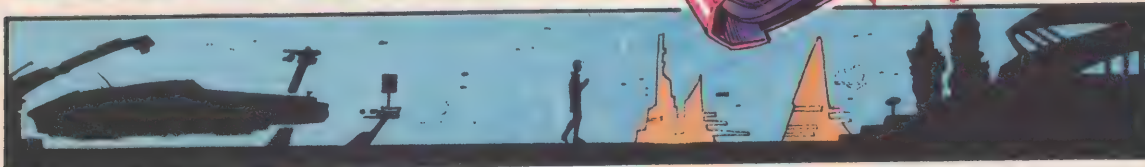
... LIVES IN
MAYFAIR -
'E'S A RIGHT
UPPER-TIER
BASTARD!



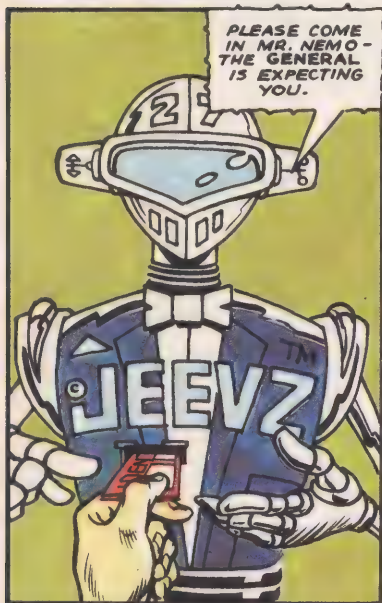
CHEERS,
'EARS'. I'LL BE
DOWN FOR A
DRINK SOMETIME.
WE'LL HAVE A
CHAT ABOUT THE
OLD DAYS...



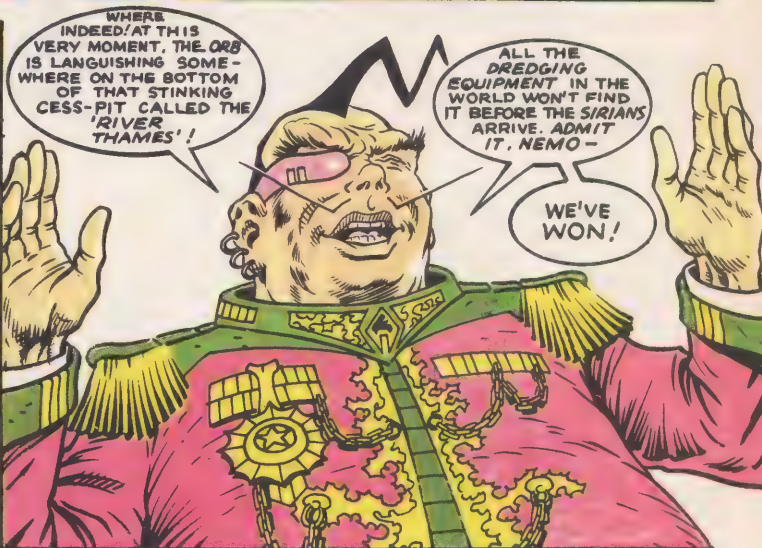
... NEW MAYFAIR.
THIS WAS MY NEIGHBORHOOD...
IT WASN'T HOME, BUT
IT WAS MUCH...



AT KLUBB'S MANSION, I WAS MET BY ONE OF THOSE RECEPTION MODULES. I FED IT MY I.D. CARD....



INTERESTING. EITHER KLUBB IS VERY STUPID ... OR VERY CONFIDENT!





NEXT: THE AWFUL SPECTRE OF SODOMY!

KRAZY
FOAM

© 1984

BACK IN OUR ENGLAND, WE GET
OUR KICKS FROM KRAZY FOAM.

THE CRAZY FOAMING MAN FROM
THE KRAZY FOAM CAN ... LISTEN...

THERE AINT MUCH YOU
CAN DO ABOUT IT ... AVOID
THEM LIKE THE PLAGUE
THEY ARE!

VOTE FOR ME!
AND I'LL
WASTE EVEN
MORE OF YOUR
TIME!

I RUN ME UP
THE FLAGPOLE
WATCH ME
SALUTE!

LIFE CAN BEE
EEEEZY!!
LET ME SHOW
YOU HOW!

SO I JOINED IN THE FUN ...

SHAVING WITH THE FOAM OF THE RABID ONE!

I heard the

Pretty
little
plice

SPIRIT
OF
LENNON

RAPID
SHAVE

BY MILLIGAN & MCCARTHY

BUT I HEARD WHAT I NEEDED TO HEAR ...
SO I SHAVED OFF MY DUMB-BOY SKIN ...

AS IF IN A MIRROR,
THE OMEN FLEW IN...

AND SO WAS BORN THIS CREATURE
OF THE FRIGHT, THIS ANGEL OF
THE RAZOR, ...

CAN'T THINK OF AN ENDING
AND DEREK'S ON ME BLAZER.

THIS IS THE STORY OF
A GUY CALLED AL COOPER...

A CITY CALLED NEW YORK...




...AND AN ENIGMA
CALLED

PAPADAX!

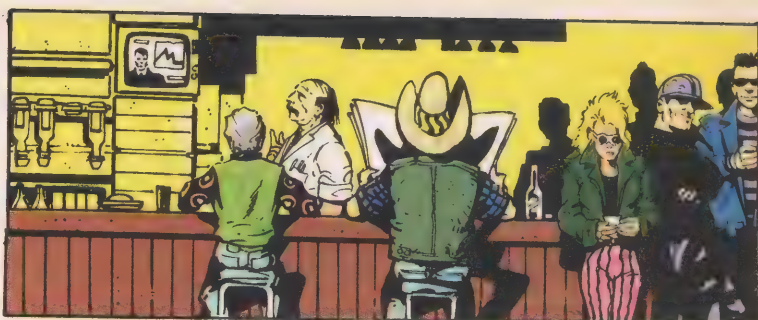
by
Milligan & McCarthy

Colors: TOM FRAME



THIS IS MURPHY'S BAR IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN. YOU MIGHT KNOW IT. YOU MIGHT EVEN DRINK THERE YOURSELF.

IF YOU DO, YOU'LL KNOW IT'S THE CLASSIEST JOINT THIS SIDE OF THE BOWERY...



I MEAN, IT CATERES TO ONLY THE MOST SOPHISTICATED CUSTOMERS...

HEY, SCUMBAG! YOUR NAME COOPER? AL COOPER?

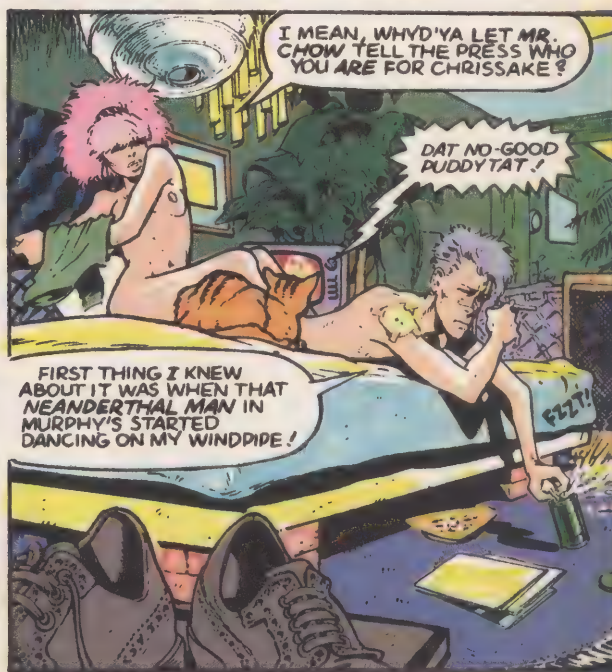
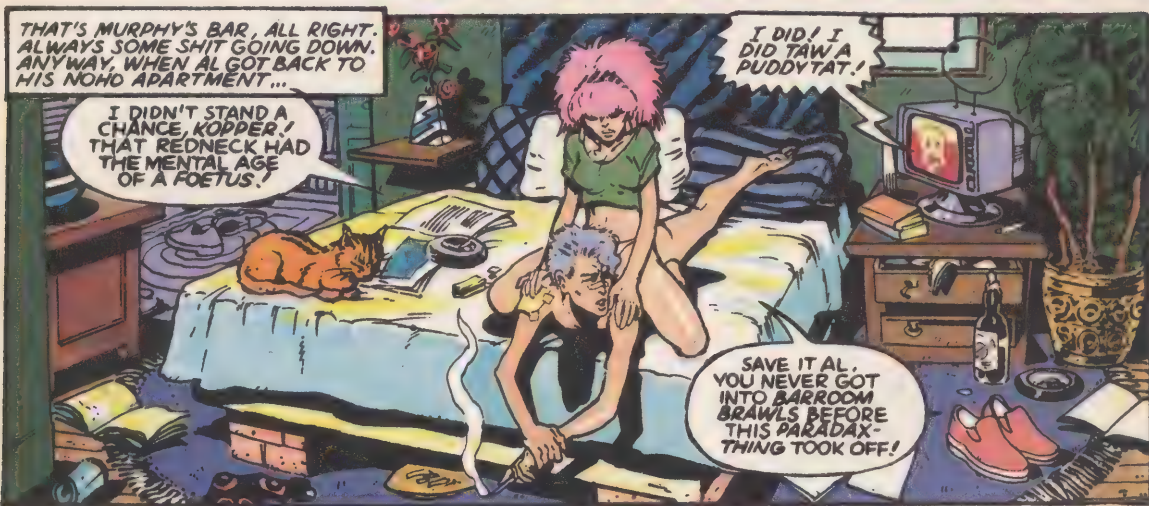
BEEP BEEP

NAW, IT'S RONALD REAGAN!

WHAT'S IT TO YOU, COWBOY?

YOU'RE FRONT-PAGE NEWS, COOPER...

OR SHOULD I SAY... PARADAX!

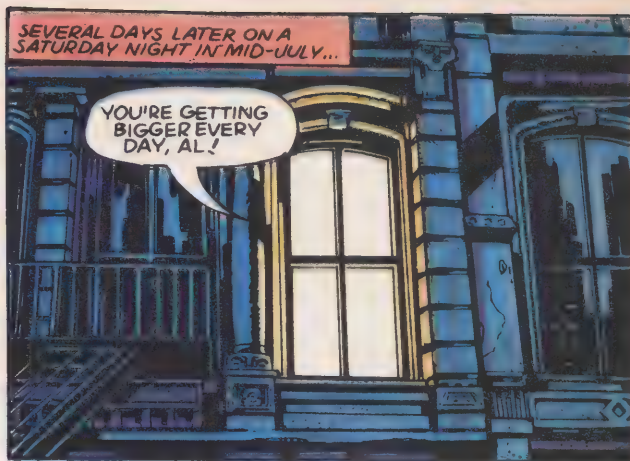




AND THAT'S JUST THE BEGINNING! NOW THAT CHOW'S BLOWN MY COVER, IT'LL BE SUICIDE GOING OUT WITHOUT MY COSTUME!

EVERY PUNK IN THE GODDAMN CITY'LL BE QUEUEING UP TO TAKE A SHOT AT ME!

SAY, KOPPER, COULD WE TAKE IT A LITTLE EASY TONIGHT? I'VE GOT ENOUGH BRUISES TO LAST ME A LIFETIME!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER ON A SATURDAY NIGHT IN MID-JULY...

YOU'RE GETTING BIGGER EVERY DAY, AL!



THAT'S RIGHT! ANDY WARHOL SAID I MADE IT THE BEST CHAT-SHOW HE'S PRESENTED!

PRRRRR?

YEAH... I BET HE SAYS THAT TO ALL THE SUPERHEROES!

WHAT'S UP WITH THAT CAT? HE TRYING TO MAKE IT WITH THE T.V. OR SOMETHING?



SHOO, PUSS. SCRAM! GODDAMN CAT'S CHANGING CHANNELS NOW!

ANDY WARHOL'S NOTHING SPECIAL TONITE'S GUEST: PARADAX!

click!

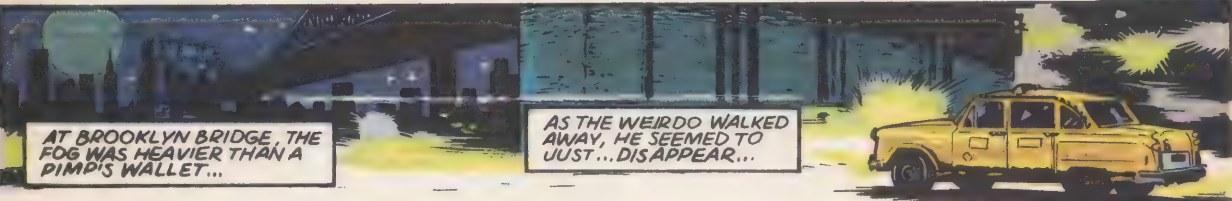
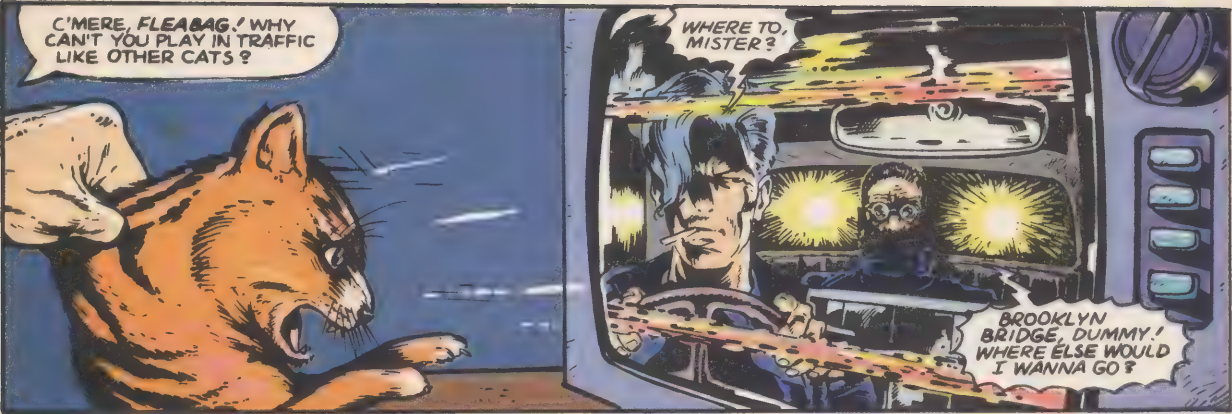
MIAOOWW?

MAYBE HE DON'T LIKE ANDY WARHOL EITHER!

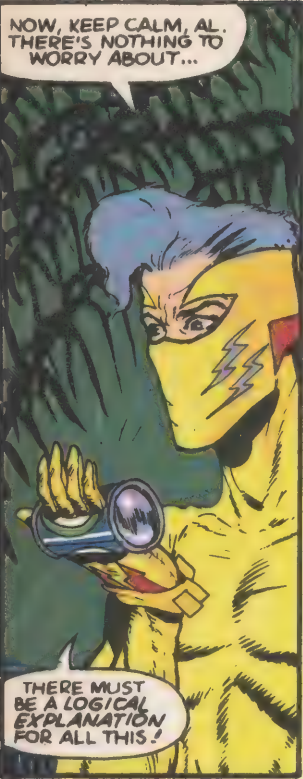


IT ALL STARTED ABOUT THREE MONTHS AGO, ANDY, WHEN I WAS DRIVING MY CAB. I PICKED UP THIS REAL WIERDO OF A FARE IN SOHO... ZZZZZT!

JESUS! I'LL MURDER THAT ANIMAL!





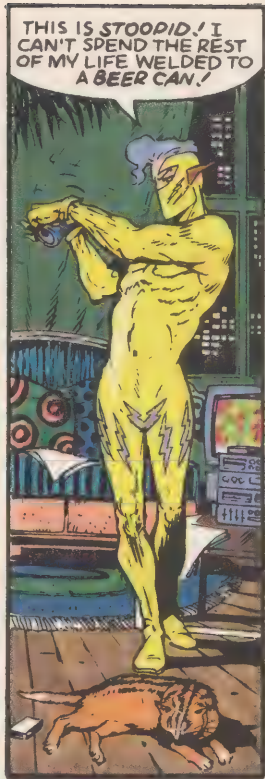


NOW, KEEP CALM, AL. THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...

THERE MUST BE A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR ALL THIS!



OH JESUS CHRIST MIGHTY I CAN'T GET THE FRIGGING THING OFF MY HAND!



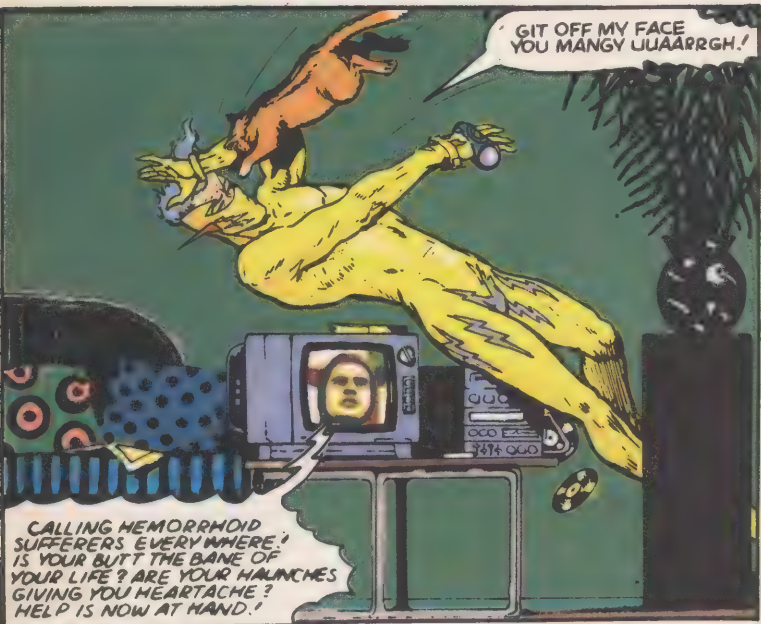
THIS IS STOOID! I CAN'T SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE WELDED TO A BEER CAN!



HSSSSSS!



KLIK



GIT OFF MY FACE YOU MANGY JUAARRGH!

CALLING HEMORRHOID SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE! IS YOUR BUTT THE BANE OF YOUR LIFE? ARE YOUR HAUNCHES GIVING YOU HEARTACHE? HELP IS NOW AT HAND!



AL, I'M HOME! JEEZ, WHAT A LOUSY DAY!

OLD MR. BRONSON AT THE STORE KEPT PUTTING HIS FILTHY HANDS UP...



AL?!

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?



NEXT: **PINHEAD MOONSTOMP!**

SAME
TIME
SAME
CHANNEL!



PRESSBUTTON #1

By Pedro Henry and Steve Dillon.
Back-up and cover by Brian Bolland.



SURGE™



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MINI-
SERIES
BY MARK
EVANIER,
RICK
HOBERG
AND AL
GORDON

THE BOOK YOU DEMANDED WE PUBLISH



*First issue on sale in December
from Eclipse (of course)*

YOU MET HIM FIRST IN THE PAGES OF

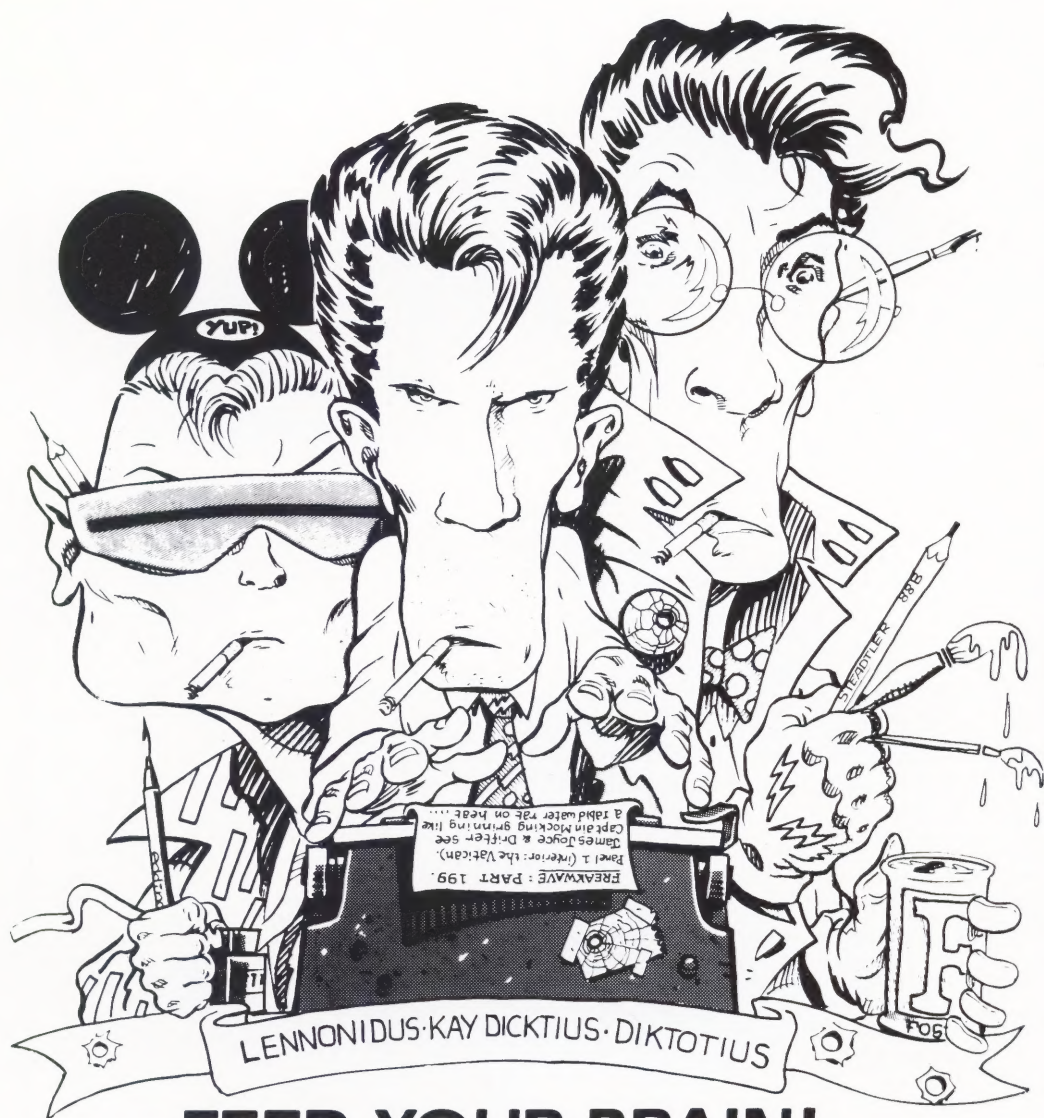
DNAGENTSTM

NOW, HE'S OUT ON HIS OWN... BATTLING THE MOST
INCREDIBLE FOES IN THE MOST UNBELIEVABLE WORLD
EVER SEEN IN A COMIC BOOK: THE REALITY OF
HOLLYWOOD (WHAT LITTLE THERE IS). YOU'VE
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